

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of VENICE.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for PETER WILSON, in *Dame-street*,
MDCCLI.

Dramatis Personæ.



DUKE of Venice.

Brabantio, *a noble Venetian.*

Gratiano, *Brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.*

Cassio, *his Lieutenant-General.*

Iago, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*

Rodorigo, *a foolish Gentleman, in love with Desdemona.*

Montano, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to the Moor.*

Herald.

Desdemona, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *Curtizan, Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the First Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.*

O**THELLO,**

O T H E L L O,

The Moor of VENICE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Street in Venice:

Enter RODRIGO and IAGO.

Rodrigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly;
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the Strings were thine, shouldst know of
Iago. But you'll not hear me. [this—]

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate!

Iago. Despise me,

If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purpose,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,

Non-suits my mediators. Certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One *Michael Cassio*; — (a *Florentine's*

And fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife; —)

A 2

That

That never set a Squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; but the bookish theoricks;
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice;
 Is all his soldiership—he had th' election;
 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, must be let and calm'd
 By *Debitor* and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caster*;
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's Ancient!

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 Not (as of old) gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
 If I in any just term am assign'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, Sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd;
 Whip me such honest knaves—Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,
 Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
 Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
 In following him, I follow but myself,
 Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty:
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at ; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus ?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight ;
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen ;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies ; tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spread in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho ! *Brabantio* ! Signior *Brabantio* ! ho.

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! *Brabantio* ! ho ! thieves !
thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter and your bags :
Thieves ! Thieves !

S C E N E II.

Brabantio appears above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior is all your family within ?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds ! Sir, you're robb'd : for shame, put on
your Gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul :
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wit ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I ; what are you ?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worfe welcome ;
 I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :
 In honest plainnefs thou haft heard me fay,
 My daughter's not for thee. And now in madnefs,
 Being full of fupper and diftemp'ring draughts,
 Upon malicious bravery doft thou come
 To ftart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou muft needs be fure,
 My fpirit and my place have in their power
 To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ft thou me of robbing ? this is *Venice* ;
 My houfe is not a grange.

Rod. Moft grave *Brabantio*,
 In fimple and pure foul, I come to you.

Iago. Zounds ! Sir, you are one of thofe that will not
 ferve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
 you fervice, you think we are ruffians : you'll have your
 daughter covered with a *Barbary* horfe, you'll have your
 nephews nigh to you ; you'll have courfers for coufins,
 and gennets for germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou ?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
 daughter and the Moor are now making the beaft with
 two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a fenator.

Bra. This thou fhalt answer. I know thee, *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I befeech you,
 If't be your pleafure and moft wife confent,
 (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
 At this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,
 Transported with no worfe nor better guard,
 But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
 To the grofs clafps of a lascivious Moor :
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and fawcy wrongs.
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
 That from the fenfe of all civility
 I thus would play, and triffe with your reverence.

Your

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where ; straight satisfy yourself,
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper ;—call up all my people ;—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light !

Iago. Farewel ; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the *Cyprus*' wars,
Which ev'n now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love :
(Which is, indeed, but sign.) That you may surely find
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search ; [him,
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit,

S C E N E III.

Enter Brabantio, and servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despited time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her ? oh unhappy girl ?
With the Moor, saidst thou ? who would be a father ?
How didst thou know 'twas she ? oh, she deceives me
Past thought—What said she to you ? get more tapers—
Raise all my kindred—are they married, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven ! how gat she out ?
Oh treason of my blood !

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh, would you had had her;
Some one way, some another—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At ev'ry house I'll call,
I may command at most; get weapons ho!
And raise some special officers of might:

On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to another STREET, before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with torches.

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service—Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour;
That, with the little godliness I have
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight:
My services, which I have done the Signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my Life and Being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits

May speak, unbonnetting to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine, (der?
For the sea's worth. But look! what light's come yon-

SCENE V.

Enter Cassio, with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends :
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found ;
My parts, my title and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think, no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant :
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General ;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,
Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter think you ?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine ;
It is a business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels :
And many of the consuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you :
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit Othello.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack :
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom ?

Iago. Marry to—Come, Captain, will you go ?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caf. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with officers and torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: General be advis'd;

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*! Come, Sir, I am for you.—

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust 'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magick were not bound,

Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The weakthy culled darlings of our nation;

Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,

That weaken Notion.—I'll have't disputed on;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant;

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you I go.

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the State,
To bring me to him ?

Offi. True, most worthy signior,
The Duke's in Council ; and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the Duke in Council ?
In this time of the night ? bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans, shall our Statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Senate-House.

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed they're disproportion'd ;
My Letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies ;

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred ;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference ;) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

[*Sailors within.*] What hoa ! what hoa ! what hoa !

Enter Sailors.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now !—what's the business ?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes* ;
So was I bid report here to the State.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

2 Sen.

1 Sen. This cannot be,
 By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze ; when we consider
 Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
 And let ourselves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
 So may he with more facile question bear it ;
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks th' abilities
 That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
 We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
 To leave that latest, which concerns him first ;
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for *Rhodes*;

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
 Steering with due course toward the isle of *Rhodes*,
 Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet——

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought, how many, as you guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail ; and now they do re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
 Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
 Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then for *Cyprus* : *Marcus Luccicos*,
 Is he not here in town ?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*;

Duke. Write from us, to him, post, post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor*.

SCENE VIII.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodrigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
 Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior : [*To Brab.*]
 We lack'd your counsel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours ; good your Grace, pardon me ;
 Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
 Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general

Take

Take hold on me : For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er bearing nature,
That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why ? what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! oh my daughter !—

Sen. Dead ?—

Bra. To me ;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks ;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,)
Sans Witchcraft could not —

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this ?

[*To Othel.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signions,
My very noble and approv'd good masters ;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years Pith,
'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,

Of

Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms
 What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold ;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at itself ; and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on —
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some Dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
 Of modera seeming to prefer against him.

I Sen. But, *Othello*, speak ;
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
 And let her speak of me before her father ;
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your Sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

[*Exit Iago.*

And till she come, as truly as to heav'n
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.
 I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
 To th' very moment that he bad me tell it :
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach :
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And with it, all my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle, (heav'n,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
 It was my hent to speak ; such was the process ;
 And of the *Cannibals* that each other eat,
 The *Anthropophagi* ; and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. All these to hear
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline ;
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which even as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively : I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderous pitiful——
 She wish'd she had not heard it ;—— Yet she wish'd,
 That heav'n had made her such a man :——she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would wooe her. On this hint I spake,
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them :
 This only is the Witchcraft I have us'd.

Here

Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too—

Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best.

Men do their broken weapons rather use,

Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak,

If she confess that she was half the wooer,

Destruction on my head, if my bad blame

Light on the man ! Come hither, gentle mistress,

Do you perceive in all this noble company,

Where you most owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty ;

To you I am bound for life and education :

My life and education both do learn me

How to respect you. You're the lord of duty ;

I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband ;

And so much duty as my mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her father ;

So much I challenge, that I may profess

Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you, I have done.

Please it your Grace, on to the State-affairs ;

I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.

Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee That with all my heart,

Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,

I'm glad at soul I have no other child ;

For thy escape would teach me tyranny,

To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like our self ; and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers

Into your favour—

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What

What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile;
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
 But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
 That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
 But words are words; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
 Beseech you, now to the affairs o' th' State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a most mighty preparation
 makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is
 best known to you. And though we have there a substi-
 tute of most allowed sufficiency: yet opinion, a sove-
 reign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you;
 you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your
 new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous ex-
 pedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 This present war against the *Ottomites*.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reverence of place and exhibition;
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
 To put my Father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
 To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice

T assist

T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him;
My down-right violence to forms, my fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support,
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; I beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think,
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me.—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste;
And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,)

To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;
Good night to ev'ry one. And, noble signior,
If virtue no belighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exit Duke with Senators.]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour,
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [Exit.]

S C E N E X.

Manent Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. Iago.——

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well if thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment,
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our
physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish be-
twixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown my self for the love of a *Guiney-hen*, I would
change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be
so fond, but it is not in my power to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in our selves that we are thus
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our
wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or
sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it
with

with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a seft, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy self? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better speed thee than now. Put money in thy Purse; follow thou these wars; disseat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration, — put money in thy purse. — These Moors are changeable in their wills; — fill thy purse with money. The food, that to him now is as luscious as loches, shall shortly be as bitter as coloquintida. When she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an errant *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy self! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make, money.—I have to'd thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less

less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo* ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd, I'll go sell all my land. [Exit]

S C E N E XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewell, put money enough in your purse,—
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not, if 't be true——
But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well——
The better shall my purpose work on him ;
Cassio's a proper man : let me see now ;——
To get his place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery—How ? how ?—let's see——
After some time t' abuse *Othello's* ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife——
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false !
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are :
I have't—it is ingendred—Hell and Spite
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit]

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The Capital of CYPRUS.**Enter Montano, governor of Cyprus, and Gentlemen.*

Mont. **W**HAT from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
 I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main [flood;
 Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
 Be not inhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
 It is impossible to bear it out.

S C E N E II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords, our wars are done:
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
 That their designment halts. A noble ship of *Venice*
 Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 On most part of the fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa; Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
 Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea.
 And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 Gent. But this same *Cassio*, though he speaks of
 comfort,
 Touching

Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be :

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*.
Even 'till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so ;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor : oh ! let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail !

Cas. What noise ?

Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea,
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie :
Our friends, at least,

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame :
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in terrestrial vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency—

S C E N E IV.

Enter Gentlemen.

How now ? who has put in ?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Caf. H'as had most favourable and happy speed ;
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds ;
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
 (Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel ;)
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
 The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she ?

Caf. She that I speak of, our great Captain's Captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago* ;
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'nnight's speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard !
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona*'s arms
 Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
 And bring all *Cyprus* comfort.—

S C E N E V.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia;

O behold !

The riches of the ship is come on shore :
 You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
 Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heav'n,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand
 Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio* ;
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
 But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—how lost you company ?

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship. But hark, a sail !

Within.] A sail, a sail !

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel :
 This likewise is a friend.

Caf. See for the news :

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress ;

[*To Emilia.*

Let

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips.
'As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the har-
bour. ———

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise; ———
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention comes
from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks
out brains and all. But my muse labours, and thus she is
delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
'The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.*

B

Des.

Let

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish, that was fair;
For e'en her folly helpt her to an heir.*

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were.)—*

Des. To do what?

Iago. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! do not learn of him, *Æmia*, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said—whisper—With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed.—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiss'd, and excellent courtesie—'tis so, indeed.—Yet again—your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were cluster-pipes for

for your sake. [*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

S C E N E VI.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello*!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen, to that sweet Prayer!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy,
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
Tha' e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down
the pegs that make this musick, as honest as I am.

[*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.

Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither; if thou be'st valiant; (as they say, base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them)—list me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this, *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the Devil? when the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be again to inflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniencies, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest'd figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have
lov'd

lov'd the Moor : Bless'd pudding ! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ?

Rod. Yes, that I did ; but that was but courtesie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand ; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together Villainous thoughts, *Roderigo* ! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion : pish— But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not : I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler : and, happily, may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may ; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny : whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them : And the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe : That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ; And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona* A most dear husband. Now I love her too, Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin ;)

But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect, the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
 And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife :
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At last into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I cherish
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb ;
 (For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass ;
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd ;
 Knave's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

The STREET. Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkish* fleet, every man put himself into triumph : some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his mind leads him. For, besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure, should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello* !

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night. Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do : But notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest :

Michael, good night. To-morrow, with your earliest, Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,

The

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Enter Iago.

Caf. Welcome, *Iago* ; we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona* : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and she is sport for *Jove*.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks, it sounds a parley to provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets : come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Caf. Not to-night, good *Iago* ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish, courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends ; but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too : and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Caf. What are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,

As my young mistress' dog —

Now, my sick fool, *Roderigo*,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
 Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
 'Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
 (That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 'The very elements of this warlike isle,)
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of drunk-
 ards.

Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
 That may offend the isle. But here they come,
 If consequence do but approve my Deem,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

S C E N E X.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint, as I am
 a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Iago sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a span;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: where, indeed, they are
 most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and
 your swag-belly'd *Hollander*,—Drink, ho!—are nothing
 to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead
 drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He
 gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be
 fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*.

King Stephen was an a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them six pence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caf. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins—gentlemen let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right-hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

SCENE XI.

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the Watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And give direction. And do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the Trust *Othello* puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago, How now, *Rodorigo*!

I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit Rod.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?

[*Within*, help! help!

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave
into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me——

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the maz-
zard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk?——

[*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit Rodorigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant—Alas, gentlemen——

Help, ho!—Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*——

Help, masters! here's a goodly watch, indeed——

Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:

You will be sham'd for ever.

S C E N E

SCENE XII.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho ! lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*—Gentlemen—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?
The General speaks to you—hold, hold, for shame.—

Oth. Why, how now, ho ? from whence ariseth this ?
Are we turn'd *Turks* ? and to ourselves do That,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites* ?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl ;

He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell ; it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter ?

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know ; friends all, but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed ; and then, but now —
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,
In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And 'would, in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil :

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted ; and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger ;

Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,

Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught

By

By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know,
How this foul rout began; who set it on;
And he, that is approv'd in this offence.
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safety;
'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I persuade my self, to speak the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my self being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
My self the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.

But

But men are men ; the best sometimes forget ,
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that with them best.
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine. —

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up :
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter ?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come, away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted:
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! oh I have
lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of my
self, and what remains is bestial. My reputation ! *Iago*,
my reputation —

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought, you had
received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in That
than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false,
imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you
repute your self such a loser. What man, — there are
ways to recover the General again. You are but now
cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in
malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog,
to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and
he's yours.

Cas.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet, an officer. Drunk? and speak Parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform our selves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my Place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! — had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! — Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess your self freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness

goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Caf. Good night, honest *Iago*.

[Exit Cassio.]

S C E N E XIV.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfetted to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the God With his weak function. Am I then a villain, To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course, Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell! When Devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews, As I do now — For while this honest fool Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repeals him for her body's lust: And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;

And

And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rodorigo*!

S C E N E XV.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience? What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time: Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*. Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun, Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thy self a-while. In troth, 'tis morning: Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rodorigo.*]
Two things are to be done;
My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress:
I'll set her on: ———
My self the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Solliciting his Wife,—ay, that's the way:
Dull not, Device, by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

A C T III. • S C E N E I.

Before O T H E L L O's Palace.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cassio. **M**ASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good morrow, General.

[*Musick*]

[Musick plays ; and enter Clown from the house.

Clown. Why, matters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i'th' nose thus ?

Mus. How, Sir, how ?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir ?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, matters, here's money for you : and the General so likes your Musick. that he desires you for love's sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again : But, as, they say, to hear musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, and hye away. Go, vanish into air, away. [Exeunt Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend ?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats of her a little favour of speech, Wilt thou do this ?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notifie unto her. [Exit Clown.

Cas. Do, my good friend. [To him, enter Iago.
In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke, before we parted. I have made bold to send in to your wife ; My suit is, that she will to Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently ; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

[Exit.

To

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will, sure, be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it :
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity ; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests, he loves you ;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I'm much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate ;
That done, I will be walking on the Works :
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to an apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do : I know it grieves my hus-
As if the cause were his. (band

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow ; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you : you do love my lord,
You've known him long ; and, be you well assur'd,

He

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Cassio's* suit: therefore be merry, *Cassio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

SCENE IV.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Hah! I like not that——

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio*, parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my lord?—no, sure, I cannot think it.
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming

Oth. I believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here.
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation make.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,

That

That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*; some other time,

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To morrow, dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tuesday morn,*

Or *Tuesday noon*, or night, or *Wednesday morn,*

I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of their best,) is not almost a fault

T' incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me, that I would deny,

Or stand so muttering on? what? *Michael Cassio*!

That came a wooing with you, and many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in? trust me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon:

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your cloaths,

Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;

Or sue to you, to do peculiar profit

To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poize and difficulty,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon

Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? no. farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, come: be, as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wretch!——Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, ——

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord! —— (me;

Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'st
As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'dst not that*, ——
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *indeed*?
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know, I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And

And for I know, thou art full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.
 For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
 Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
 They're cold dilations working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too,

Iago. Men should be what they seem,
 Or, those that be not, would they might seem knaves!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem,

Iago. Why, then, I think, *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.

Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that, all slaves are free to;
 Utter my thoughts!—why, say, they're vile and false;
 As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
 With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

Think I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
 (As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spies into abuse; and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
 From one that so imperfectly conjects,
 Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
 Out of my scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago.

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of That, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heav'n! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these make more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you

With

With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof,
 Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
 Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor secure;
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
 I know our country disposition well;
 In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks,
 They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then;

She, that, so young, could give out such a Seeming
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
 He thought, 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear, it has:

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
 Comes from my love. But, I do see, you're mov'd—
 I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech would fall into such vile Success,
 Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy friend.
 My lord, I see, you're mov'd——

Oth. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think, but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself——

Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
 Not to affect many proposed matches
 Of her own clime, complexion and degree,

Whereto

Whereto we see in all things Nature tends :
 Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
 Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
 But pardon me, I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her ; tho' I may fear,
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell ;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
 Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry ? —

This honest creature, doubtless,
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
 To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :
 Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
 For, sure, he fills it up with great ability ;
 Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
 You shall by that perceive him, and his means ;
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong, or vehement importunity ;
 Much will be seen in That. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have to fear, I am ;)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
 Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have ; or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage !

C

That

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love.
 For others' use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones ;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
 Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. *Desdemona comes !*

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks itself :
 I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello* ?
 Your dinner, and the generous Islanders,
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?
 Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again ;
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone : come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry, that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

Monet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin ;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give't *Iago* ; what he'll do with it,
 Heav'n knows, not I,
 I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? what do you here alone ?

Æmil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me ?

It is a common thing——

Æmil.

Æmil. Ha ?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all ? what will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Æmil. What handkerchief ? —

Why that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona* ;
That which so oft you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Æmil. No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up :
Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so
To have me filch it ? (earnest

Iago. Why, what is that to you ? [Snatching it.

Æmil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady ! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it ?

Iago. Be not you known on't :

I have use for it. Go leave me — [Exit *Æmil.*

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong

As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poisons :

Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;

But with a little act upon the blood,

Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy Syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,

Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! false to me !

Iago. Why how now, General ? no more of that.

Oth. Avant ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack :
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little !

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips;
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue, oh, farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel, *Othello's* Occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord —

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be w' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That

That liv'ft to make thine honefty a vice!
Oh monftrous world! take note, take note, oh world;
To be direct and honeft, is not fafe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, fith love breeds fuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ftay—thou fhould'ft be honeft—

Iago. I fhould be wife, for honefty's a fool,
And lofes what it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think, my wife is honeft; and think, fhe is not;
I think, that thou art juft; and think, thou art not;
I'll have fome proof. Her name, that was as frefh,
As *Dian's* vifage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poifon, or fire, or fuffocating freams,
I'll not endure 't— 'Would, I were fatisfied.

Iago. I fee, Sir, you are eaten up with paffion;
I do repent me that I put it to you,
You would be fatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how fatisfied, my lord?
Would you be fupervifor, groffly gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death and damnation, oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To brink 'em to that profpect: damn them then.
If ever mortal Eyes do fee them bolfter,
More than their own, What then? how then?
What fhall I fay? where's fatisfaction?

It is impoffible you fhould fee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As falt as wolves in pride, and fools as grofs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I fay,
If imputation and ftrong circumftances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you fatisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reafon fhe's difloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But fince I'm enter'd in this caufe fo far,
Prick'd to't by foolifh honefty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caffio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep——

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is *Cassio* :

In sleep I heard him say, Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !

And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;
Cry—Oh sweet creature ! and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck't up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips ; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kiss, and then
Cry, cursed fate ! that gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. Oh monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion.

Iago. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet.—Tell me but this,
Have you not sometime seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I see 'tis time.—Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n :
'Tis gone ;

Arise, black Vengeance, from th' unhallow'd cell !
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and parted throne
To tyrannous Hate ! swell bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——

Iago. Patience, I say, your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth.

Oth. Never *Iago*. Like the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellepont* :
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back. ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up — Now by yon marble heav'n,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words —

Iago. Do not rise yet : [*Iago kneels.*
Witness, ye ever-burning lights above !
You elements, that clip us round about !
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me. Remord
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ;
'Tis done at your request. But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx ! oh, damn her, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant. —

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clown. He's a soldier ; and for me to say, a soldier lies,
'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to ; where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and bid them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord!

S C E N E X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardness to dissemble! How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart: Hot, hot, and moist—this hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a strong and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand, A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? — — —

Des. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loath'd, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't — —
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it:
A *Sybill*, that had number'd in the world
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sew'd the Work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of Maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'th' way?

Des. Bless us! — — —

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what, and if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir; but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief——my mind mis-gives ——

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief——

Des. A man, that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you

Oth. The handkerchief——

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit Othello.*]

SCENE XI.

Manent Desdemona and Emilia.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,

They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There's no other way, 'tis she must do't;

And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,

That by your virtuous means I may again.

Exist, and be a member of his love;

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That not my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again;

But to know so, must be my benefit.

So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,

And

And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle *Cassio*,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure;
For my free speech! You must a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will, and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let That suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Pust his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.

S C E N E XII.

Manent Desdemona, Æmilia, and Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice.
Made here demonstrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great one's are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandsome wrangler, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil?

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Ex. Desdemona and Æmilia at one door; Cassio, at the other.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to the Street before the Palace.

Re-enter Cassio, meeting Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?
Indeed sweet love I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keep a week a way? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest;
But I shall in a more convenient time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,
[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh, *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman;
Throw your vile guesses in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will ; I'd have it copied :
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ? wherefore ?

Caf. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Caf. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me ;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night ?

Caf. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Court before the PALACE.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. WILL you think so ?

Oth. Think so, *Iago* ?

Iago. What to kifs in private ?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs ?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm ?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm ?

It is hypocrisy against the devil :

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts not ; they tempt heav'n :

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :

But if I give my wife a handkerchief ———

Oth. What then ?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord ; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is property'd of her honour too ;
May she give That ?

Iago.

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not :
But for the handkerchief —

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it ;
Thou said'st, — oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected house,
Boading to ill. — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I'ad seen him do you wrong !
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinc'd or suppl'd them, they cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. Why, that he did ——— I know not what he
did ———

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie ———

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her — what you will ———

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her ! lie with her ! that's
falsome : — handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief —
handkerchief ——— to confess, and be hang'd for his
labour ——— First, to be hang'd, and then ——— to con-
fess ! ——— I tremble at it — Nature would not invest her-
self in such shadowing without some induction. It is
not words, that shake me thus — pish — noses, ears, and
lips — is't possible ! — confess ! — handkerchief ! — oh
devil —

[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine work ! thus credulous fools are caught :
And many worthy and chaste Dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What hoa ! my lord !
My lord, I say, *Othello*. —

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Cassio.

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an Epilepsy,
This is the second Fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No; forbear,

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at the mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness: look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw your self a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you. *[Exit Cas.]*

How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;

Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city.
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.

Oh, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
'To lip a Wanton in a secure couch;
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise, 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while a part,
Confine your self but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasy:
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
And mark the fleers, the jibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.

For

For I will make him tell the tale anew ;
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when,
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago* ?

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 But, dost thou hear, most bloody ?

Iago. That's not amiss ;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*Othello withdraws.*

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
 A huswife, that, by selling her desires,
 Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature,
 That dotes on *Cassio* ; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter—here he comes—

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad ;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
 Now, if this suit lay in *Bianca*'s power,

[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed ?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. Look, how he laughs already.

[*aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas poor rogue, I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

[*aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio* ?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er ; go to, well said, well said.

[*aside.*

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it ?

Cas.

Caf. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. Do you triumph, Rogue ? do you triumph ?

[*aside.*

Caf. I marry her !—What ? a customer ? pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. So, so : they laugh that win.

[*aside.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me ? well.

[*aside.*

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is perswaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flat-tery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me : now he begins the story.

[*aside.*

Caf. She was here even now : she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the seabank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about the neck.—

Oth. Crying, Oh dear *Cassio*, as it were : his gesture imports it.

[*aside.*

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha !—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluckt him to my chamber : oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

[*aside.*

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look, where she comes:

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another fitchew ! marry, a perfum'd one :—

What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you ! what did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it : I must take out the work ? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ? there—give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't,

Caf.

Caf. How now, my sweet *Bianca* ? how now ? how now ?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

[*aside.*

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may ; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her——

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come, will you ?

Iago. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

S C E N E V.

Manent Othello, and Iago.

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago* ?

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice ?

Oth. Oh, *Iago* !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife—She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing—
A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget That.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night ; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone : I strike it, and it hurts my hand—Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature. She might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is—so delicate with her needle.—An admirable musician.—Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear : of so high and plentiful wit and invention !

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :
And then of so gentle condition !

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago*——Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it,
Iago——

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes : cuckold me !

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night : I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again ; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good :

The justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker :

You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good :—What Trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico* Come from the Duke : and, see, your wife is with him.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants, from the Palace.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico* ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*

Lod. I thank you ; how does lieutenant *Cassio* ?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

[*aside.*]

Des. My lord !——

Oth. *This sail you not to do, as you will*—— [*Reads.*]

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my lord and *Cassio* ?

Des.

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be the letter mov'd him.

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

[*Aside*

Des. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!—

[*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear, I saw it. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, she falls, would prove a crocodile:
Out of my fight—

Des. I will not stay t' offend you.

[*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay: you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir—oh well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll send for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*.—Hence, avant!—

[*Exit Desdemona.*

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and Monkies!

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico, and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all in-all sufficient? This the nature
Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither raze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor no-
thing?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth.

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go

Exit Æmilia.

She says enough: yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray: I've seen her do't.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress,

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,

Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery;—nav, dispatch. *Exit Æm.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thy self: lest being like
one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.

Therefore be double-damn'd; swear, thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?

With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona!* away, away, away——

Des. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If,

If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes ;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at ——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence ;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in : Turn thy complexion thence,
Patience, thou young, and rose-lipp'd cherubin ;
I here look grim as hell.

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing.

O, thou bale weed, why art so lovely fair ?
Thou smell'st so sweet that the sense akes at thee.
'Would, thou hadst ne'er been born.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon ? what, what committed ?
Committed ?—oh, thou publick commoner !

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds. What, what committed ?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not heart. What committed ?——Impudent
Strumpet !

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des.

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this Vessel for my lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, Touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*—

SCENE X.

Enter Æmilia.

You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to *St. Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's money for your pains,
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam!

Des. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

SCENE XI.

Enter Iago and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;

He

He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such, as, she said, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep; do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forfook so many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore; would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't! how comes this trick upon
him?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him.

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her compa-
ny?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked thro' the world,
Ev'n from the east to th' west.

Iago. Speak within doors.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! some such 'squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without:
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them on any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I can't say, *whore*;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
 The business of the State does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper,
 The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat;
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

S C E N E XII.

Enter Rodorigo to Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo*!

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from
 me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least ad-
 vantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it.
 Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I
 have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Faith I have heard too much; and your words
 and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted my self out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me, she hath received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to: very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is scurvy, and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my self known to *Desdemona*: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful sollicitation: if not, assure your self, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now —

Rod. Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest my self of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Roderigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Roderigo*, if thou hast That in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is a special Commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do your self a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Desdemona*! —

Des. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant. I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

[*Exit.*]

Des. I will, my Lord.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did:

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Emilia*,
Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des.

Des. So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets, you bad me, on the
bed.

Des. All's one : good father ! how foolish are our minds !
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come ; you talk.

Des. My Mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love ; and he, she lov'd, forsook her,
And she prov'd mad : She had a song of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind ; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one side.
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here ;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-
foot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a *sycamore-tree*,
Sing all a green willow : [singing]

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow !

The fresh stream ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

(Pr'ythee, hie thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay, that's not next—Hark, who is it that knocks ?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone, good-night ; mine eyes do itch.
Doth that boad weeping ?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so, oh these men, these men !
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light :
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think, thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I should ; and undo't, when
I had done. Marry I would not do such a thing for a
joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, pet-
ticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all
the whole world ; why who would not make her husband
a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should venture
purgatory for't.

Des. Beswew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world ; and
having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your
own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to th'vantage, as
Would store the world they plaid for.

But, I do think, it is their husband's faults,
If wives do fall : say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us ; or say, they strike us,
Or scant our former Having in despight ;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it sport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good-night; heav'n mie such uses
send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. **H**ERE, stand behind this bulk. Straight will
he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it marrs us: think on That,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

[Stands apart.]

Iago. I've rubb'd this young Gnat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.
It must not be.—If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril:
No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he: villain, thou dyest.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

Fight. *Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.*

[Then Rodorigo and Cassio fall.]

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho! murther, ~~mur~~
ther!

S C E N E II.

Enter Othello above at a window.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*,—*Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh, help, ho! light! a surgeon! ———

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me—Minion, your Dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.—Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, those charms, thine eyes, are blotted,
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther,
murther!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very dreadful.

Cas. Oh, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
'These may be counterfeits, let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and sword.

Lod. Hark——

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Caf. Here, here: for heav'n's sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Caf. *Iago*? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caf. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give some help.

To Lod. and Gra.

Red. Oh, help me there.

Caf. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murth'rous slave! oh villain!

[Iago stabs him.]

Red. Oh damn'd *Iago*! oh inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be these bloody
thieves?

How silent is this town? ho, murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico*? —

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! here's *Cassio*, hurt by villains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't, brother?

Caf. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho, who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus :
I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So—Oh for a chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. A'as, he faints, Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*; come come :

Lend me a Light : know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman

Rodrigo? no : Yes, sure : yea, 'tis *Rodrigo*:

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir : did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon :
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh, a chair, a chair:

Gra. *Rodrigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—oh, bear him out o'th'
air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the paleness of her eye? [To Bianca]
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her ;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness
Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

SCENE V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath there been set on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are scap'd :
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good *Cassio* !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to-night.
What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. Oh, did he so ? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I ? fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* dress.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd :
Will you go on afore ?—This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt, Iago following.

SCENE VI.

*A Bed chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her
Bed.*

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul ;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !
It is the cause—Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Lays down the sword.]

Yet she must die ; else she'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then,—Put out the light ?——
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent : but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light re-lumine. — *[Sets down the taper.]*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again ;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree ;

[Kissing her.]
Oh

Iago. O notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So—Oh for a chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. A'as, he faints, Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. 'Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*; come come:

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman

Roderigo? no: Yes, sure: yea, 'tis *Roderigo*:

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh, a chair, a chair:

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—oh, bear him out o'th'
air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the paleness of her eye? [*To Bianca*]

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness

Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

S C E N E V.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath there been set on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are scap'd :
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good *Cassio* !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to-night.
What, do you shake at that ?

Bian He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not;

Iago. Oh, did he so ? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I ? fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* dress.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd :
Will you go on afore ?—This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt, Iago following.

SCENE VI.

*A Bed chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her
Bed.*

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul ;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !
It is the cause — Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Lays down the sword.]

Yet she must die ; else she'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then,——Put out the light ?——
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent : but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light re-lumine. — *[Sets down the taper.]*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again ;
It needs must wither. — I'll smell thee on the tree ;

[Kissing her.]

Oh

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, that's the last;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this Sorrow's heav'nly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona?*

Des. Ay, my lord?

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n and grace,
Sollicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord,

What may you mean by That?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (heav'n's forefend!) I would not kill thy souh

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you, for you're fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guilt I know not; yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving;
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des.

Des. No, by my life and soul : send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury ;
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently ;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin :
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !—I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand ;
Oh perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart ;
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;

I never gave it him ; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath——us'd thee——

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then—What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des. Oh banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive——

Des. But half-an hour.

Oth.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer

Oth. It is too late. [*He smother's her.*]

S C E N E VII.

Æmilia, at the door.

Æmil. My lord! my lord! what hoa! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. within.] What hoa! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—she's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;

The noise was high.—Ha, no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?

I think, she stirs again—No—what's the best?

If she come in, she'll, sure, speak to my wife;

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration——

Æmil. I beseech you,

That I may speak with you. Oh, good my lord—

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;

She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my lord, hath kill'd

A young *Venetian*, called *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murder'd! —

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! oh lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona*! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell.

Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewell.

[Dies]

Oth. Why how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say, herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'Twas I, that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh, the more Angel she, and you the blacker
Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her; ask thy husband else;

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband.

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: had she been true,

If heav'n would make me such another World,

Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:

An honest man he is and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth.

Oth. What need this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband.

Emil. Oh mistress! villainy has made mocks with love;
 My husband say, she was false!

Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband; do'st understand the word?
 My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 Rot half a grain a day! he lyes to th' heart.
 She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!—

Emil. Do thy worst:
 This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
 Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm;
 As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
 As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed —
 I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
 Though I lost twenty lives—Help! help, ho! help!
 The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Emil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*? you have done well,
 That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
 He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
 I know, thou didst not; thou'rt not such a villain.
 Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lye; an odious, damned, lye,
 Upon my soul, a lye: a wicked lye.
 She false with *Cassio*? did you say, with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, mistress; go to. charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to
 speak;

My mistress lies here murder'd in her bed.

All.

All. Oh heav'ns forefend !

Æmil. And your reports have set the murther on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act !

Æmil. Villainy ! villainy ! villainy !

I think upon't—I think—I smell't—Oh villainy !

I thought so then ; I'll kill my self for grief ;—

Oh villainy, villainy !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh ! oh ! oh ! [Othello falls on the bed.

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar :

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest Innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, she was foul ! [Rising.

I scarce did know you, Uncle ; there lies your Niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stop'd ;

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I'm glad thy father's dead

Thy match was mortal to him ; and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desp'rate turn ;

Yea, curse his better Angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful ! but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio had the act of shame

A thousand times committed. Cassio confest it ;

And she did gratify his amorous works,

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;

It was an handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n ! oh heav'nly Powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I, peace !

No, I will speak as liberal as the air ;

Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She gave it *Cassio*? alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Iago breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n?

For what then serves the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*

S C E N E IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why shou'd honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow—*
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Æmilias dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
~~It~~ was a sword of Spain, the *Ebro's* temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Lo ! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast !
Who can controul his fate ? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do see me weapon'd ;
Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear :
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go ?
Now—how dost thou look now ? oh ill-starr'd Wench !
Pale as thy smock ! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl,
Ev'n like thy chastity. O curst slave !
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly sight ;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh *Desdemona* ! *Desdemona* ! dead, dead ! oh, oh !

S C E N E X.

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and
Iago prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he, that was *Othello* : here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look'd down tow'rds his feet ; but That's a fable.
If that thou best a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither : I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,—
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you Cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing, what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will open your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this it seems,
Rodorigo meant t' have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in *Rodorigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him

Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast ; and ev'n now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him.
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us ;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the State some service, and they know't ;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am : Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous : but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream : of one whose hand,
Like the base *Judian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum : Set you down this :
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus,

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this,
[*To Desdemona.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kifs. [dies.]

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog ! [To *Iago.*]

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea ?
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
'This is thy work ; the object poisons fight,—

Let

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, lord Governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
 The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it:
 My self will straight aboard; and to the State
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

